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Thanks!
For a bullet that missed in its flight
Thanks!
For a fever that failed one glad night

Thanks!
To the Father who heard voices pray.
Thanks!
For a soldier boy home from the fray!

TURKEY THOUGHTS.

AND ALSO THOUGHTS OF PUMPKINS
AND PERSIMMONS.

Three Dainties Far Famed at
Thanksgiving Feasts—Even Canned
Turkey Has Its Charm—The Pucker
of the Persimmon.

[Copyright, 1898, by R. K. Munkittrick.]

THE TURKEY.

The first Thanksgiving having occurred in 1621, it seems strange that the turkey did not then and there become the national bird.

The turkey may not equal the eagle as a Fourth of July minstrel, but as a bird calculated to gild the Thanksgiving feast he so far

outshines the eagle that to compare them seriously would be like casting oxalic acid upon the ox.

It is believed by many thinking people that Thanksgiving was invented to give the turkey a distinction and a prestige and to give us a medium through which to offer our gratitude while experiencing perennial thrills of pleasure.

The selection of the turkey for the star part was happy, because every one likes turkey, be it hot, cold or canned. Unlike veal, corned beef and fishballs, the turkey is a concrete sympathy that causes every soul to ripple in song. Old and young are alike victims to its peerless quality.

The young eat it with their first teeth, the middle aged attack it with their second teeth, the old masticate it with their third or store teeth, and it is even toothsome to the toothless. The cranberry's chief distinction is that which it enjoys in being the tail end of the Thanksgiving ticket. The cranberry sauce is sometimes strained, but not in its relations with the turkey. They go together so harmoniously that they are one, and several poets say that the cranberry's incarnadined smile is intensified by the turkey's flush of pride.

The turkey is a bird among birds, a dish among dishes, a dream among dreams.

When the small boy eats the drumstick, Like an ear of corn, by hand And he somehow dots his thumb stick In his eye to beat the band, Then the greatness of the turkey all will fully understand.

THE PUMPKIN.

Oh, the pumpkin's golden glory Lights the furrows and the stubble, And we're full of song and story As our fancies boil and bubble, And we sigh O'er the attributes ennobling of the Pump-p-kin pie!

The greatness and supremacy of the pumpkin are universally acknowledged, and the fact that it is sometimes called "punkin" does not detract from its fair fame. A golden seed, a golden blossom, a golden fruit, and finally a golden pie that lifts one to realms of fairy gold, it is not wonderful that it should gild our passing thoughts at this particular season and fill our spirits with liveliest anticipations of the glories of Thanksgiving.

Whether the pumpkin pie be made at home by hand or in a factory by machinery the effect seems to be the same. You cannot taste the wheels in the factory made pie because the pumpkin pie is a wheel itself whose magnificence dwarfs the other wheels into insignificance. Furthermore, it is pumpkin pie, and when you say that you have no room for hostile argument. The pumpkin pie, whether square, round or oblong, is warranted to adjust itself to any stomach, the stomach gracefully exerting all its power of elasticity that the pie may be comfortably located, to assimilate with the turkey, until the spirit is suffused with dreams of peace and resignation and the diner feels so kindly toward everybody and everything that he refuses to doubt the accuracy of ice scales and gas meters, while the fact that the plumber is regarded as a moral monstrosity strikes him as an empty fantasy. Still he would doubtless prefer to make a bargain with a plumber while clear headed and unimped. In conclusion, our opinion of the pumpkin at Thanksgiving is such that we can recall no prouder moment than that at which we were pointed out as being "some pumpkins."

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

THANKS FOR A TYRANT'S FALL.

The cireling year that brought the rose And lily hastens to its close; Not many times the sinking sun Shall set before its sands are run.

It brought us hints in moon and star Of grim and blood envenomed war Till over April's sky of blue Was spread its pall of inky hue.

For the Great Power who understands And holds all nations in his hands Saw tyranny at our shore, And stricken hears his aid implore.

And so, as by some angel sent, War came for just atonement, And haughty Spain's unspying yoke For purer peace and freedom broke.

For what our warring heroes won We give a heartfelt benison And thanks for war's swift decree And human gains on land and sea.

For barns well filled and gifts in store, For Freedom's new extent, fashions And space, may every grateful voice And heart with thanks this day rejoice.

THE PERSIMMON'S PUCKER.

The persimmon is in a certain sense a Thanksgiving fruit, because it makes you feel thankful, when you have bitten off a mouthful of it, that you didn't bite off two mouthfuls. Any one who takes a good sized bite out of a persimmon that is not quite ripe and feels his mouth pucker until it seems like a mackerel skin doesn't think perhaps so much about Thanksgiving as about some method by which he can have the ribs ironed out of the roof of his mouth, and his tongue reduced to such a size that he won't talk thick.

The persimmon is a sort of wild plum, which is, however, not as wild as him that partakes of it not wisely, but too

THE NEW CHARITY.

BY F. M. ARTHUR.

[Copyright, 1898, by the Author.]



HE Young Man spent his last 25 cent piece in purchasing a boutonniere of Yale blue violets; then he walked up Fifth avenue, New York, to meditate on what he had to be thankful for.

"My liver is in excellent condition," he reflected, "my sins are not troubling me, and I think I have enough brains to carry me through this difficulty."

Still the fact remained that he didn't know where he was going to get his Thanksgiving dinner, or what was still more important, how he was going to get a ticket for the Yale-Harvard football match.

At first he let his mind dwell on the Thanksgiving day he had spent in the past, and then he gradually veered around to those he had seen described in stories, but he could find no connection between his present case and any he had experienced or seen described.

"In the stories I have read," he thought to himself, "some miserly millionaire is always made happy by having his flinty heart softened so that he spends much money in charity. Now, being poor, I am just in the position to make a miserly rich man happy by letting him help me."

A few minutes more of reflection made the whimsicality of the idea delightful, and he decided to act on it. But the first thing to do was to catch his millionaire. Stepping into a hotel reading room, he looked through a copy of a Sunday paper in which he had noticed a series of interviews with rich men, in which those ever interesting individuals had confided to the reporter their plans for Thanksgiving day.

"I shall spend the day in attending to business," said Mr. Putancall curtly. "He'll do," said the Young Man to himself, "for besides being rich and crusty he is a bachelor."

It took him about an hour to walk down town to old Putancall's office; but, being without street car fare, he had no choice but to pace off the distance.

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"Well!" responded the Young Man, smiling. "What can I do for you?" asked Mr. Putancall with rising anger. He was not accustomed to being echoed in that way.

"Nothing," said the Young Man cheerfully. "Then you will have to excuse me, for I am busy," And he stepped back into his private office.

The Young Man followed him. "You are too hasty," he said. "The boot is on the other leg. I am here to do something for you."

"What's that?" "I am here to do you a great kindness." Then he added, before Mr. Putancall had time to adjust his mind to this unprecedented state of affairs, "By the bye, how many years is it since any one has called on you in the way of kindness?"

This unusual question simply tripped the financier into deeper confusion, and he looked at the daring Young Man in blank astonishment.

"Now, see here," said the Young Man, noticing his advantage and assuming an air of authority, "you have earned over \$5,000,000, and you don't know how to enjoy a \$5 bill. You are here in your office today simply because you don't know what else to do, and you are feeling wretched because the absence of your assistants makes it impossible for you to smother your feelings with effective work. Why aren't you enjoying Thanksgiving day? Haven't you anything to be thankful for?"

These direct criticisms and searching questions reduced Mr. Putancall to a condition of helplessness that made the Young Man's magnetism tell more on him every minute.

"I saw what you said to the reporter who interviewed you last week and made up my mind that it would be an act of charity to prevent you from keeping your word about working today. How much money have you got in your pocket?"

This question immediately filled Mr. Putancall's mind with fear. Was this mysterious stranger going to rob him? He instinctively reached for the messenger call.

"That's all right," said the Young Man. "You may ring for the police if you like, but before they have arrived I shall have convinced you that you have made a mistake."

Mr. Putancall withdrew his hand.

"But why do you want to know how much money I have?"

"Because you will have to pay the expenses of the day's fun. And it will be a new sensation for you to do it. Really, Mr. Putancall, your case is one that I sympathize with. When you came to New York years ago, it was your intention to win a modest fortune and then go back to live among your old friends. By the time you had acquired such a fortune as you had at first dreamed of your old friends had scattered or become estranged and you had become so accustomed to business life that you could do nothing else,

he who was doing everything, and when they met a speculator who had tickets to sell he pushed forward with the remark:

"Now you must let me buy the tickets."

The Young Man smiled, for it was evident that he had succeeded completely. The millionaire had practically forgotten all the unpleasant features of the talk in his office and was buying the tickets as if the idea of buying them had just occurred to him as an act of friendship.

At first Mr. Putancall felt a trifle out of place and confused, but his young friend was so attentive in explaining the points of the game and the enthusiasm of the crowd was so infectious that he often forgot himself and cheered with the loudest.

During the dinner there was but little conversation. Being a true epicure the Young Man ate in silence, and Mr. Putancall's mind was too much confused with unaccustomed thoughts for him to do any talking. But when they had quaffed their cider and lit their cigars the Young Man leaned back in his chair and remarked:

"I trust you have enjoyed the day?" "Indeed I have. This is the best dinner I have ever eaten."

"True. And it is one of the things you have been working for all your life, though you didn't know it."

The rich man said nothing for a few minutes. Then he brightened and exclaimed:

"See here, I have taken a great fancy to you, and if you will let me, I think I can do something for you."

"Indeed?" "There are many openings in life for young men who have ideas, and I have seen enough of you to know that you are original."

The Young Man bowed gravely. "Which means," he said, "that in return for my kindness to you today you would coop me up in an office and by the dull routine of business reduce me to an uninspired machine like yourself. By helping me to earn the means of enjoying life you would kill in me the power of enjoyment. Why, you didn't even know you had a palate until I ordered this dinner for you. Your stomach is simply a kind of fire box into which you put a certain amount of fuel every day in order to keep your steam. Your heart has long been merely a force pump, never thrilled by enthusiasm or human emotions, and your brain is a kind of spider that continually spins schemes to entrap the unwary. Today, for the first time since you have been a boy, there has been something human aroused in you, and your offer, while absurd in the extreme, shows that you might do some good in the world if you only knew how."

"Well, then, will you teach me?" "I can't promise. I am not charitable by nature, and I think I have done enough today in the way of putting a fellow being on the true road to enjoyment. Perhaps we who are poor are too selfish in keeping our troubles to ourselves instead of making rich men happy by letting them help us, but we have our faults just like other people."

Mr. Putancall could make no reply to this enigmatical speech, so he did all that was in his power—he paid the bill.

"But let us part as friends," said the Young Man, putting out his hand as they reached the street.

"Aren't you going to tell me your name?" "No. I prefer, like the good fairies in the stories, to be nameless."

They shook hands, and the Young Man disappeared in the crowd, perhaps in quest of a new adventure, and the millionaire returned to his cheerless apartments, wondering if it all had been a dream.

"Well!" exclaimed Mr. Putancall impatiently, "well!"

On his arrival he at first thought the place was deserted; but, hearing footsteps, Mr. Putancall came out of his private room to investigate. He was in a decidedly grumpy and dissatisfied humor, for the absence of his heads of departments and clerks made him realize that, after all, he was only one man. Without them he was like an octopus shorn of its tentacles. The Young Man stood and looked him over quizzically.

"Well!" exclaimed Mr. Putancall impatiently, "well!"

bread crumbs. Then we want apples, nuts and such things. Besides, you are to send down to that little old liquor store on Chambers street for a couple of bottles of hard cider—the special brand that the farmers put white wheat in and flavor with sassafras. Got it down all right? And be sure to have dinner ready to serve at 7 o'clock. Goodbye."

"Now," exclaimed the Young Man, "we must hurry if we want to be in time for the football match."

"Are we going there?" asked Mr. Putancall, with mingled surprise and uneasiness.

"Certainly we are. What would Thanksgiving day be without taking in the football match? We just have time to catch the next 'L' express if we rush."

While they hurried along the street and then raced up town on the express the Young Man's tone changed gradually. While still retaining his frankness and gaiety, he skillfully led Mr. Putancall to talk of the matters with which he was familiar until he regained his self possession and habitual air of command. When they reached the Polo grounds, the financier was so completely himself that he began to feel it was

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THE NAVY'S TURKEY.

HOW THE JACKIES ENJOY THEIR DAY OF THANKS.

How They "Gey" the Officers During the Novel Annual Parade and Review Aboard Ship—Chasing the Greased Pig.

[Copyright, 1898, by F. A. Verdu.]



IT IS undoubtedly true that Jacky, and that means the sailorman of Uncle Sam's navy, is more thankful this year than ever before—he is thankful he's alive.

Spanish shells have come his way by thousands, but he still lives. Jacky is fond of a holiday, and one of the things that go to complete a perfectly spent holiday with Jacky is a good "square meal" with "vittles" of a different kind than the commissary supplies. "Soft bread and shore food" are the main parts of this repast, and there must be lots of them. While Jacky enjoys every holiday that comes along the one in which he finds the most pleasure is Thanksgiving day. This is especially true when the ships are in some home port or in the navy yard. Then Jacky is sure he can have whatever he wishes for.

The regular routine work of the ships as far as possible is suspended for the day, and after "quarters" the men are allowed the freedom of the ship. The mess quarters are decorated with the ensigns and signal flags, while the long rows of tables are abundantly supplied with all the delicacies of the season from the turkey which the men call "the buzzard," with its cranberry sauce and other garnishings, to the choicest fruits the market affords. Usually an outside cook is called in to prepare the meal, for every man in the ship is going to enjoy the holiday, and no one works.

There are other things that occupy Jacky's mind besides the "grub," as he calls it, for the day is long, and there are lots of things that can be done. As soon as "quarters" are over the amusement usually begins with a parade and review, at which all the officers of the ship are asked to be present. It is not a dress parade, where the men have to wear their regulation uniforms, nor do the tactics as prescribed by the government carry any weight. The uniforms and tactics are of the men's own get up, and each participant does about as he likes when the commands are given.

The uniforms are remarkable, there being no two alike. Every color in the rainbow goes to make up some part of the grotesque costumes worn by the men. This is one opportunity the men have of showing their like or dislike for some of the officers in a mild way. During the drill, which lasts about half an hour, the commands are given to mimic some of the officers, while the men themselves perform all kinds of queer antics.

After the drill a few athletic sports are indulged in before the little red pennant is run up to the signal arm and "mess gear" is sounded. They find a desirable spot for the purpose. Then football, baseball and other games are enjoyed. Jacky's specialty is "pig chasing," and, without a good healthy porker, well greased, to give him a run about the grounds, the day would be lost.

Often the pig is too lively for the boys, and many of them get a good tumble before he is finally captured.

Suddenly the familiar sound of the bugle comes over the water to the place where the men have been enjoying themselves. They do not wait for the second call. One seems enough, and they drop everything they have been

doing and start for the ship. "Mess gear" has sounded, and the little red pennant has been "bent on" the signal arm. Before the men sit down to their repast the officers are invited to look at tables. Steaming turkeys, suckling pigs and different kinds of fish handsomely garnished are placed on them. They are surrounded with many of the delicacies to be found on the tables of the well to do, and on this occasion Jacky feels that he is rich and must have the best the markets offer. Speeches are made and the officers are toasted. Two and sometimes three hours are passed at the table, and Jacky and his friends enjoy every minute of the time. The afternoon is spent on shore either in the fields playing games or in the library, where such games as cards, checkers and chess are indulged in. When night comes and the bugle sounds "Stand by your hammocks," Jacky is ready. He has enjoyed every minute of the day and is satisfied to "crawl in" and dream of the things the next Thanksgiving day will have in store for him.

F. A. VERDU.

Royal makes the food pure, wholesome and delicious.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

1898 November, 1898

Su.	Mo.	Tu.	We.	Th.	Fr.	Sa.
		1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30			

POWHATAN PIPES.

Made From a Peculiar Kind of Virginia Clay and Made Sweet by Fire.

The old coasting captain was gazing upon a crudely shaped red clay pipe which he smoked at the end of a long, many jointed reed stem, while he filled the ears of the observant Jerseyman with its praises.

"If you want the sweetest pipe in the world," he said, "you must get one of these. They are the original Powhatan pipes, made in Powhatan county, Va., out of a peculiar blue clay which is found there in little nodules and finished in a peculiar way."

"The genuine Powhatan pipe can never be found north of Baltimore, and it is easier to get one in Norfolk than in Baltimore. If you begin smoking one, you will discard your meerschaums and briar woods and smoke nothing else. When it gets strong, you merely put it into the fire and burn it sweet again. The imitation Powhatan pipes would crack to pieces if you try to burn them sweet, but the genuine can be thrust in safety right into the bright coals, although, of course, it is better to let them heat more gradually."

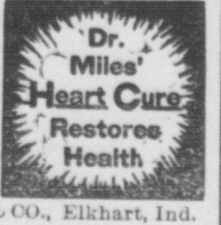
Under the stimulus of this praise the observant Jerseyman sent a friend in Norfolk for half a dozen of the pipes. After a time he received them, with a bill for 75 cents for the pipes and \$5 for the trouble of finding them.

"If you had not told me that the pipes sold two for a quarter," his friend

"Saved Her Life."



MRS. JOHN WALCOTT, of Jefferson, Wis., than whom none is more highly esteemed or widely known, writes: "In 1890 I had a severe attack of LaGrippe and at the end of four months, in spite of all physicians, friends and good nursing, could do, my lungs heart and nervous system were so completely wrecked, my life was despaired of, my friends giving me up. I could only sleep by the use of opiates. My lungs and heart pained me terribly and my cough was most aggravating. I could not lie in one position but a short time and not on my left side at all. My husband brought me Dr. Miles' Heart Cure and I began taking them. When I had taken a half bottle of each I was much better and continuing persistently I took about a dozen bottles and was completely restored to health to the surprise of all."



Daily Republican.

AY C. SMITH, Editors and Publishers.

OFFICIAL PAPER OF SEYMOUR.

Telephone No. 42

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Six Months.....2.50
Three Months.....1.25
One Month......50
One Week......10

WEEKLY.

One Year in Advance.....\$1.00

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THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 24 1898

Causes for Thankfulness.

For all that God in mercy sends;
For health and children, home and friends.
For comfort in time of need,
For every kindly word and deed,
For happy thoughts and holy talk,
For guidance in our daily walk,
For everything give thanks!

For beauty in this world of ours,
For verdant grass and lovely flowers,
For songs of birds, for hum of bees,
For the refreshing summer breeze,
For hill and plain, for streams and wood,
For the great ocean's mighty flood,
For everything give thanks!

For the sweet sleep that comes at night,
For the returning morning's light,
For the bright sun that shines on high,
For the stars glittering in the sky,
For these and everything we see,
O, Lord, our hearts we lift to Thee,
For everything give thanks!

—Ellen Isabella Tupper.

Thank giving day is a holiday that all should observe.

We can all be thankful today because "Gentleman" Jim has another decision against him and that the prize is less popular than it used to be.

The country is anxiously awaiting for the final report of the Paris peace commissioners. The United States is well represented and the people do not mistrust the result.

The people of Indiana are manifesting much interest in the selection of Senator Turpie's successor. No one can do more than guess at this time who will be the successful candidate.

Yellow Jaundice Cured.

Suffering humanity should be supplied with every means possible for its relief. It is with pleasure we publish the following: "This is to certify that I was a terrible sufferer from Yellow Jaundice for over six months, and was treated by one of the best physicians in our city and all in vain. Dr. Bell, our druggist, recommended Electric Blisters; and after taking two bottles, I was entirely cured. I now take great pleasure in recommending them to any person suffering from this terrible malady. I am gratefully yours, M. A. Hogarty, Lexington, Ky."

Sold by W. F. Peter, Druggist.

In 1887 Mr. Thomas McIntosh of Allentown, Tenn., had an attack of dysentery which became chronic. "I was treated by the best physicians in East Tennessee without a cure," he says. "Finally tried Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. After using about twelve bottles I was cured sound and well." For sale by C. W. Milhous.

For Rent—Four room cottage. See Dick Shields.

MEMORIES.

The heart grows and sometimes when strange hands waken
A strain, a melody of other days,
And backward through the past the mind goes straying
Till heartstrings snap in twain on which he plays.

I walked today along the village highway,
A sunny head was bare, a form bent low—
Ah, with a pang it brought to me sweet memories
Of one so like him in the long ago!

But bitter sweet, the memories that awaken
The love that filled each heart was never told,
For both of us were proud, and I, so fearful
My secret should be known, was silent, cold.

Ah, well, the same old tale, so oft repeated!
I knew not that he loved me—ah, you smile—
Twas after years I learned it, but he never
Never knew I loved him all the while.
—Rose Van B. Speece.

CHINESE SHOES.

The Comfort and Healthfulness of Woven Straw Sandals.

"I may seem to be quarreling with my bread and butter," said an up town chiropodist to one of his best customers the other day, "but in my humble and somewhat professional opinion, the most sensible of all men in the matter of footwear is the Chinaman. Did you ever notice his feet? I don't believe there is such a thing as a corn or a bunion in all China. Chiropodists would starve to death there so far as the requirements of the masculine foot are concerned. Whatever the deformities inflicted on the feet of women in China may be, the men certainly enjoy sound and comfortable understandings. Look at the Chinese laymen here in Washington. They stand at their work 18 hours a day. No class of workmen I know of spend so many hours on their feet as they do. Yet they never break down there, and, physically, they are a wonderfully healthy race.

"Simple living and freedom from the nervous pursuits of our civilization may have something to do with it, but I attribute their exemption from foot weakness and disease to the kind of house shoe so universally worn by them. I have a pair that I have worn for several years, and I wouldn't wear anything else for genuine indoor comfort. They are woven of straw and seaweed and soled with horse hide. There is a thick sole of straw above the leather, and through this the air can circulate freely, keeping the muscles of the under-part of the foot always cool. The laymen, you notice, are usually bare-foot, which is an added advantage in the matter of healthfulness. There is about as little material in the uppers as is consistent with the idea of a shoe, and this is just enough to keep the thing on the foot. This upper, too, is woven loosely of seaweed, so that the air can have access to the foot. Nowhere does this shoe pinch or in the least degree press the foot.

"These are the indoor shoes of the Chinaman. On the street here in the United States nowadays he wears very commonly the leather shoes or boots of American manufacture. That is one of the ways in which he is becoming Americanized. But the outdoor cloth shoe of China is a great deal worn also. That, like the indoor shoe, is very thick and soft in the sole, and the foot is never pinched or strained by it. The healthiest footwear ever known probably was the sandal of the Greeks. It had no upper, and, as you will see in statuary, the feet of men and women were ideally perfect. All the sandal afforded was a protection from the ground. 'To him who wears sandals,' say the Arabs, 'it is as if the world were shod with leather.' The Chinaman seems to follow out this motto, and his shoes are nearly soles and nothing more. But the great secret of the excellence of his indoor shoe is the half inch straw sole."

—Washington Star.

Hens and Iron.

A French physician has invented a method by which he says iron can be given in large doses. Hens, he noticed, have powerful internal organs. They can digest considerable quantities of iron and then render it back through the albumen of their eggs, in a form which is easily digested by the weaker stomach of mankind. So he feeds his hens with what he calls "a very absorbent salt of iron," mingled with grains of wheat, and they lay eggs extremely rich in iron already digested.



If Death had to sign the warrant for every victim that he claims as his own, there would be fewer premature deaths. In the majority of cases, men and women sign their own death warrants. Neglected health means death. A man or woman may not realize it, but the danger signals that warn them of the approach of big and serious maladies. A well man or woman gets up in the morning happy and clear-headed and alert, both mentally and physically. They have a hearty appetite for breakfast. They go about their work with alacrity, and a sense of pleasure. The day ends finds them tired, but not fatigued out. They still have the energy for an evening's enjoyment. At night they find sound, refreshing slumber. They do not have frightful dreams during their sleeping hours, nor are they not ill-tempered or fault-finding. When men or women find their condition the opposite of this, they need a course of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It strengthens the weak stomach, corrects the impaired digestion, invigorates the liver, and purifies and enriches the blood. It is the great blood-maker and flesh-builder. It strengthens the muscular system, gives bloom to the complexion, regulates the functions of every vital organ and imparts both mental and physical elasticity and energy. Medicine dealers sell it, and have nothing "just as good."

"I had been troubled for several years with spells of liver complaint," writes H. N. Dransfield, Esq., of Sweet Springs, Monroe Co., W. Va., "and about two years ago my health began to fail. I tried a doctor and got worse all the time. I had a weakness in my left side and limbs, palpitation of the heart, cramps in the stomach, after eating; nerves weak and no energy. I took Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and began to mend from the start. I soon felt like a new person. I am now enjoying good health."

Parsnip Complexion.

It does not require an expert to detect the sufferer from kidney trouble. The hollow cheeks, the sunken eyes, the dark, puffy circles under the eyes, the sallow parsnip-colored complexion indicates it.

A physician would ask if you had rheumatism, a dull pain or ache in the back or over the hips, stomach trouble, desire to urinate often, or a burning or scalding in passing it; if after passing there is an unsatisfied feeling as if it must be at once repeated, or if the urine has a brick dust deposit or strong odor.

When these symptoms are present, no time should be lost in removing the cause.

Delay may lead to gravel, catarrh of the bladder, inflammation, causing stoppage, and sometimes requiring the drawing of the urine with instruments or may run into Bright's Disease, the most dangerous stage of kidney trouble.

Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great discovery of the eminent kidney and bladder specialist, is a positive remedy for such diseases. Its reputation is world-wide and it is so easy to get at any drug store that no one need suffer any length of time for want of it!

However, if you prefer to first test its wonderful merits, mention the Seymour Republican and write to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle and book telling all about it, both sent absolutely free by mail.

IN STELLAR DEEPS.

In stellar deeps the midnight silence broods;
With the day, the earth looms lying asleep,
While thought invades the eternal solitudes,
The stellar deeps.

Fleets, from a port beyond the explorer's ken,
Majestic move, great argosies of light,
Up from the ether voids unknown of men,
And cross the night.

A pathway sown with thistle down of stars,
A pathway white, as if thereon had trod
One whose winged feet shed luster in their flight,
Mounting to God.

Bridges the waste from rolling sphere to sphere,
Spans the blue seas of silence, shore to shore,
An arch of triumph o'er the primal dark
Forever more.

I tremble as a child that finds a door
And with swift, curious hand throws open wide
Into a vast, unpeopled corridor,
Where shadows glide.

Immensity! Thy surges unconfin'd
Buffet the sense with strong, benumbing shocks,
Hurling the little wreckage of the mind
Upon the rocks!

O thought, return! The engulfing billows foam
Thy tiny cockpit, their helpless prey!
O reason, halt! Thy chart and compass vain
To find the way!

One envoy more. I wait upon the strand,
And while my soul her awesome vigil keeps
Faith finds safe anchorage, in sight of land,
In stellar deeps.

—Emma Herrick Wood in Youth's Companion.

We give no rewards, an offer of this kind is the meanest of deceptions. Our plan is to give every one a chance to try the merit of Ely's Cream Balm—the original Balm for the cure of Catarrh, Hay Fever and Cold in the Head, by mailing for 10 cents a trial size to test its curative powers. We mail it the 50 cents size also and the drugist keeps it. Test it and you are sure to continue the treatment. Relief is immediate and a cure follows. Ely Brothers, 56 Warren Street, New York.

An Important Difference.

To make it apparent to thousands, who think themselves ill, that they are not afflicted with any disease, but that the system simply needs cleansing, is to bring comfort home to their hearts, as a coactive condition is easily cured by using Syrup of Figs, Manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., only, and sold by all druggists.

There is a Class of People.

Who are injured by the use of coffee. Recently there has been placed in all grocery stores a new preparation called GRAIN-O made of pure grains, that takes the place of coffee. The most delicate stomach receives it without distress, and but few can tell it from coffee. It does not cost over 1/2 as much. Children may drink it without great benefit. 15c and 25c per package. Try it. Ask for GRAIN-O.

You are making a great mistake in not sending for a 10 cent trial size of Ely's Cream Balm. It is a specific for catarrh and cold in the head. We mail it, or the 50 cents size. Druggists all keep it. Ely Brothers, 56 Warren Street New York.

Catarrh caused difficulty in speaking and to a great extent loss of hearing. By the use of Ely's Cream Balm dropping of mucus has ceased, voice and hearing have greatly improved.—W. Davison, Att'y at Law, Monmouth, Ill.

Broken Skin is a Sore.

The best salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever sores, Tetter, Chapped hands, Chilblain, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per bottle. For sale by W. F. Peter.

Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists send money if it fails to cure. 25c. The genuine has L. B. Q. on each tablet. Womany!

PIECE DYING.—Ladies' wear, roen's wear, chenille curtains. Work guaranteed. Sherman Day, South Chestnut street.

THE VICIOUS JAGUAR.

HE FINDS A DEADLY ENEMY IN THE PLUCKY PUMA.

These Fierce South American Brutes Fight Each Other to the Death on Sight—Two Battles That Show the Characteristics of the Animals.

"On the Apure river, near its head, lives—ord live there five years ago—a woman of mixed Spanish and Indian race named Maria Padilla, the wife of the mayordomo, or foreman, of a cattle ranch. I have talked with her and heard from her lips the account of the strange adventure she had when a child of 7 years.

"Her parents with their children were making a journey over a trail that led along the foothills of the Maritime Andes. They had encamped for the night, and this child, while her parents' attention was occupied, started into the forest to gather firewood as she had often seen her mother do. Her absence was not noticed until she had been gone some time from the camp. As she gathered dry sticks into a bundle she saw a large, spotted animal stealing swiftly toward her.

"Every South American country girl of 7 knows a jaguar when she sees him, whether she has ever seen one before or not, for the dread of these animals is an instinct among the inhabitants of regions which they frequent. Overcome by fear the girl could only stand still and await her fate. With her eyes riveted on the jaguar she did not see where they came from, but of a sudden she perceived that he was savagely fighting with two huge, tawny animals that had sprung upon him.

"The fight seemed to her to last a long time, and once the brutes in their struggles came very near to where she stood. The pumas that had attacked him killed the jaguar at last, and after standing over the body a few minutes as if to assure themselves that he would not revive they for the first time turned their gaze toward the child, who had been too much terrified to improve her chance to run away while the beasts were fighting.

"They favored her with a long stare, and then, not offering to approach or harm her, turned deliberately away and trotted into the depths of the forest. They scarcely had disappeared when her father, having missed the child and guided by the sounds of the fight, came running to the place with gun and machete and found her safe. He got a jaguar skin as a trophy, though it was cut too nearly into ribbons by the pumas' claws to be of value.

"In the Guarico country, at a village called Paraya, near the Merida trail, I saw an Indian named Jose Lobado whose face and head were deeply scarred and whose body was a network of similar scars from wounds received through being carried away by a jaguar when an infant in arms. Of course he could not remember the occurrence, but his mother, who had rescued him, described it to me.

"She had gone to a mata, or wooded spot, on the pampas for firewood, carrying her child, after the fashion of Venezuelan women of humble station, in a shawl looped from her shoulder. This shawl, with the small boy in it, she slung to a low tree branch while she gathered her bundle of sticks, and she did not perceive the approach of a jaguar until he had seized the child and was carrying it away.

"The mother grasped her machete and ran after the jaguar, shrieking. She managed to keep the beast in sight, but he was rapidly getting beyond her view when suddenly the jaguar stopped, put the child down and bristling for fight stood with his forepaws resting upon it.

"Then the mother saw that a puma was fronting the jaguar. She hurried on toward where the two beasts faced each other, growling and snarling. Before she got to them the puma sprang, and at once the two were fighting fiercely above the child. In the struggle the child was rolled to one side, but before the mother could get to it the jaguar broke away from the puma and springing to the boy again crouched with his paws above him as before.

"The puma leaped again and the fight was renewed, but again the jaguar got clear and jumped to guard his prey before the mother could get a chance to snatch her child. Once more the puma attacked his foe, and this time as the beasts struggled and tore each other an accidental kick from one of them sent the boy 20 feet away, almost to the mother's feet.

"Catching him up she ran for home and got safe to the house. The boy, though covered with claw wounds from head to foot and bearing deep marks of the jaguar's teeth in the back, where the beast had seized him to carry him away, recovered completely from his injuries, although bearing the scars for his lifetime. The puma and the jaguar were found, both dead, at the place where they had fought."—Philadelphia Times.

More Proof.

O'Hoolahan—Countin the two min yesterday, there's been 13 kilt so far on the noo buildin goin up across the street.

O'Callahan (impressively)—Thor's another proof av the unluckiness av the number 13.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Oysters after they have been brought away from the sea know by instinct the exact hour when the tide is rising and approaching their beds, and so of their own accord open their shells to receive their food from the sea, as if they were still at home.

TOBACCO AND THE HEART.

A Doctor Gives What He Calls Cold Facts About Smoking.

"I don't like to upset a cherished tradition," said a doctor who is himself a devotee of the weed, "but the talk one hears of nicotine saturating the systems of smokers is mostly rot. Nicotine is a deadly poison. One drop of it will make a good sized mastiff turn up his toes if injected subcutaneously, and it would take precious little of it to kill a man. The truth is that very little is absorbed, even by the most confirmed smokers. Now and then you read of men who die from excessive tobacco using and are found on autopsy to be literally reeking with nicotine. All rubbish. Nothing of the kind ever happened.

"Again, it's a favorite experiment to blow smoke through a handkerchief, and the stain that is produced is popularly supposed to be made by nicotine. It is really oil of tobacco, which is a horse of quite a different color. No, the chief harm done by smoking is the stimulus which it gives to the heart. This is particularly true of cigarette smoking, where 'inhaling' is nearly always practiced.

"Each time the smoke is inhaled it acts as a slight spur to the heart, and, needless to say, there is sure to be a reaction. If the smoker is in good general health, he will probably never feel it, but if he isn't there will be periods of profound depression, and, not knowing the cause, he is apt to try to brace up on a drink, which makes matters just that much worse. If he has organic heart trouble—valvular weakness, I mean—it's quite possible that he will tumble over some day and put his angel plumage on. Those are the cold facts about smoking—none other are genuine."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Moody and the Sinless Man.

Some time ago a man who claimed perfection went to Evangelist Moody and commiserated him on his low level of Christian experience. Mr. Moody in a kind manner asked his caller if he never sinned nor did any wrong.

"No; I have not sinned for years; neither have I done anything that was wrong," was the prompt reply.

"Well, I'm glad to know it," said Mr. Moody, "but before I am convinced I would like to ask your wife."—Ladies' Home Journal.

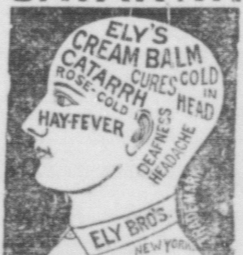
Time Allowance.

"Waiter," said the bicyclist at the little country inn, "bring me three eggs and boil them four minutes."

Fifteen minutes elapse, and the waiter returns with one egg.

"Very sorry, sir, our eggs is out. This is the only one we had left—but we boiled it 12 minutes, sir."—Harper's Bazar.

CATARRH



Ask Your Druggist for a generous 10 Cent Trial Size

Ely's Cream Balm contains no cocaine, mercury nor any other injurious drug. It is quickly absorbed. Gives Relief at once. It opens and cleanses the nasal passages.

COLD IN HEAD. Allays Inflammation. Heals and Protects the Membrane. Restores the senses of taste and smell. Full size 50c; trial size 10c; druggists or by mail.

THE MUTUAL LIFE IN URANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK

RICHARD A. MCGURDY, Pres. STATEMENT.

For the year ending December 31, 1897, according to the Standard of the Insurance Department of the State of New York.

INCOME.	
Received for Premiums	\$42,693,201.36
From all other sources	11,469,406.24
DISBURSEMENTS.	
To Policy-holders for Claims by Death	\$4,102,608.22
To Policy-holders for Endowments, Dividends, etc.	\$13,279,630.66
To all other accounts	12,712,434.70
	10,132,005.57
	\$36,124,680.15
ASSETS.	
United States Bonds and other Securities	\$102,017,341.45
First Lien Loans on Bond and Mortgage	62,423,947.31
Loans on Stocks and Bonds	12,880,408.00
Real Estate	21,618,454.88
Cash in Banks and Trust Companies	11,703,193.8
Accrued Interest, Net Deferred Premiums, etc.	6,141,400.28
	\$213,793,437.00
Reserve for Policies and other Liabilities	218,278,243.67
Surplus	\$35,508,194.77

Insurance and Annuities in force \$236,634,490.03

I have carefully examined the foregoing statement and find the same to be correct and fully substantiated by the Insurance Department. CHARLES A. PRELIER Auditor.

From the Surplus dividend will be appropriated as usual.

ROBERT A. GRANVILL, Vice-President.

WALTER R. GILLETTE, General Manager.
ISAAC F. LLOYD, 2d Vice-President.
FREDERIC CROWWELL, Treasurer.



"Ring out the old Ring in the new
Ring out the false Ring in the true"
We bring to you the new and true from the piney forests of Norway

DR. BELL'S Pine-Tar-Honey

Nature's most natural remedy, improved by science to a PLEASANT, PERMANENT, POSITIVE Cure for coughs, colds and all inflamed surfaces of the Lungs and Bronchial Tubes.

The sore, weary cough-worn Lungs are exhilarated; the mucus-bearing mucus is cut out; the cause of that tickling is removed, and the inflamed membranes are healed and soothed so that there is no inclination to cough.

SOLD BY ALL GOOD DRUGGISTS

Bottles Only. 25c., 50c. and \$1.00 Sizes

BE SURE YOU GET

Dr. Bell's Pine-Tar-Honey

The E. K. Sutherland & Sons Co., Paterson, N. J.

Agency of C. A. Calmarsh ESTABLISHED in 1892.

Read Notice Hereof to advantage and Money Lenders call when placing Cash Needed to Supply Applicants for Loans. Money Lenders call when placing loans. The Leading Fire Insurance Agency in City. Equitable Life Assurance Society. Best in World. Travellers Accident Insurance Co. The Loan or Elity and Casualty Co. In all Departments. Plate Glass Insurance. P. O. Seymour Ind.

IT LEADS THE FIELD!

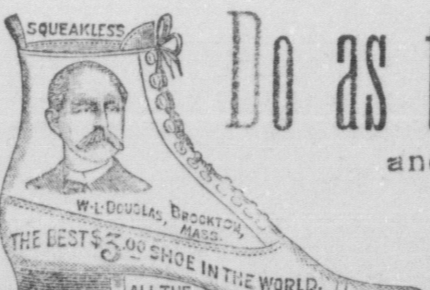
THE SEYMOUR REPUBLICAN.

DAILY AND WEEKLY.

Has the largest daily and weekly circulation in Jackson county. It is recognized as the best advertising medium.

OUR JOB DEPARTMENT


Turns Out Only First-Class Work.



Do as the Trees Do

and overcoats at such remarkably low prices as you will find in our store. Good values in Ladies', Gents' and Children's Shoes and Rubbers. Don't fail to see us when you want anything in the line of footwear. We save you money. The Klondyke, 14 S. Chestnut St., Wm. E. DeHler, Manager.

Baby's Coming



means pain, danger and possible death for some wives. For others it means practically no discomfort at all. There is no reason why childbirth should be a period of pain and dread. Several months before a woman becomes a mother she should prepare herself for the critical ordeal. There is a preparation made which is intended for this purpose alone. The name of this wonderful preparation is **Mother's Friend**.

It is a liniment to be applied externally. It relaxes the muscles and relieves the distension, gives elasticity to every organ concerned in childbirth, and takes away all danger and nearly all suffering. Best results follow if the remedy is used during the whole period of pregnancy. It is the only remedy of the kind in the world that is endorsed by physicians. \$1 per bottle at all drug stores, or sent by mail on receipt of price.

FREE BOOKS containing invaluable information for all women will be sent to any address upon application to The Bradford Regulator Co., Atlanta, Ga.

Irritating Your Lungs.

Everytime you cough: Don't cough! Christie's Syrup Tar and Wild Cherry allays the Cough and many find it very beneficial to take just before retiring, for it permits them to sleep peacefully through the night without

Coughing

Glycerine Rose Cream Cured Chapped Hands Quickly

The W. F. Peter Pharmacy.

Get Your Drugs

Medicines, cigars, etc., etc., and our magnificent

Portfolio Offer.

Come while you can get Portfolios as we only have a limited number to give and want to supply you as soon as possible. Prescriptions carefully compounded. Night calls answered.

Bear's Den Pharmacy

Third and Ewing St., Seymour.

PIERCE A. JONES, Real Estate, Loan and Rental Agent.

SEYMOUR IND.

Property bought, sold or exchanged City property rented and carefully looked after. All business placed in my hands will receive prompt attention.

W. E. GERRISH DENTIST

Vitalized Air for painless extraction of teeth.

24th July

THE QUAKER Bath Cabinet

Is worth \$100 to any and every family. See it before you buy it. Try it. Buy it and be convinced.

L. S. Swann, 251 S. 2nd St., Seymour, Ind.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take Laxative Broom Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c. The genuine has L. B. Q. T. each tablet.

BUSINESS NOTES.

J. H. Marling, of Carlisle, came here this forenoon on business.

H. C. Chapin, of New York, spent today in the city on business and to visit friends.

J. H. Matlock of Indianapolis, went this forenoon to Freetown to look at his farm.

O. H. Montgomery and others went today to Brownstown to look after court business.

T. S. Skinner and old railroad man, yesterday purchased a half interest in the A. C. Seip grocery.

An unusually large amount of turkeys and chickens were brought to the city and sold yesterday.

The cellar under the L. F. Miller addition will be completed this evening ready for the lower joists.

Oscar Jaehnic, of Aurora, after a visit to his sister, Mrs. George Binder, went today to Brownstown on business.

The thermometer has marked 18 degrees above zero the last three mornings. Will likely moderate today.

Several cars of nice oak logs were brought here from the west and taken to the Band Saw Works last evening.

J. B. Brown west of Cortland, brought a big lot of fine turkeys to the city yesterday and sold them L. G. Heins.

R. H. Jones, W. B. Buckner, Edward Horst, N. H. Thomas, P. M. Landis and wife of Indianapolis, came here today on business.

Joseph Ackerman came home last night from a business trip to Carmi, Ill. He left the Jackson county people all well.

Frank Rosebury was lucky. He had \$69 stolen from his barber shop and the thief in getting out of the shop dropped \$64 of the amount which Rosebury found.

MARRIED.

John Ross, of Indianapolis, and Miss Mame Tanner, of Milan, were united in marriage at her home Wednesday afternoon at 4 o'clock November 23 1898. The bride resided for some time at Seymour.

DR. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP IS A true friend to all suffering with coughs or colds. This reliable remedy never disappoints. It will cure a cold in one day and costs but 25 cts.

Cut glassware at Laupus'. 19c

The funeral of Miss Lizzie DeGolyer this forenoon was largely attended.

"A Celebrated Case at the Opera House tonight.

FOR SALE: Five room cottage on east Second street. Good cistern, gas and hydrant. Enquire here. 1042wk

Furnished room over the Frank Teckmeyer grocery to let. Inquire below. n15 d5t.

Don't fail to see "A Celebrated Case" at the Opera House tonight.

Watch repairing of all kinds. 19c

J. G. Laupus.

A popular barber here will marry one of our charming young ladies in the near future.

Dr. T. R. Vessey who has been at Medora on business and to see his brother, Dr. A. M. Vessey returned last evening to Milan.

Lores Grimm of the Keene Stock Co. of Cincinnati, aged 5 years, will recite "The Wreck of the Battleship Maine," between the acts of "A Celebrated Case" at the Opera House tonight.

The Union Thanksgiving service at the Methodist church this forenoon was well attended and the excellent discourse of Rev. J. T. Charlton was much appreciated.

Excursion Rates via Pennsylvania Lines for Thanksgiving Day

For the accommodation of persons who may wish to make Thanksgiving Day trips, non transferable excursion tickets will be sold Thursday November 24, from ticket stations on the Pennsylvania lines west of Pittsburgh to any station on those lines within one hundred and fifty miles of selling point. Tickets for adults will not be sold for less than 25 cents, nor for children less than 15 cents. Excursion tickets will be good returning up to and including Friday, November 25th. For details apply to nearest Pennsylvania line ticket agent.

PERSONAL.

James A. McDonald, of Marling, was slightly better last evening.

W. T. Newcomb, west of Zwing went last night to Columbus to see friends.

Mrs. L. D. Coryell of Lonsdale, Ill., came here to spend Thanksgiving with friends.

Harry M. Miller moved into his North Chestnut street property last evening.

J. P. Lowden and wife, of Washington, are here today to eat turkey with friends.

Carl Peter is home from Wabash College to spend Thanksgiving with his parents.

Mrs. Pet Scott, of Pea Ridge, came here last evening to visit the family of Joshua Colburn.

Mrs. Mary Chennethworth, of Shoals, went last evening to Indianapolis to turkey with relatives.

Joe Andrews, who attends Purdue University, came home yesterday to spend Thanksgiving.

Members of the 159th Ind. Vol. came home last night from Indianapolis, having been discharged.

Miss Lula Aufderheide went last yesterday to enjoy turkey with her friend, Miss Lou Patterson.

Howard Linton and wife, of New Albany, came here last evening to spend Thanksgiving with friends.

Leroy F. Miller and family went today to Medora to spend Thanksgiving with J. L. Hunsucker and family.

R. M. J. Cox, of Indianapolis, came here last night to enjoy Thanksgiving with his son, Alpha, and family.

Miss Daisy Demaree went yesterday to Holton to take turkey with her mother, Mrs. Alice Gray, today.

C. D. Carman and Miss Jennie Carman, of Bedford, came here yesterday to take turkey today with friends.

L. M. Frazer, of Louisville, was a guest of the Jonas Hotel today for the fourth Thanksgiving in succession.

Mrs. A. Thompson of Scottsburg, went last night to Brownstown to visit her sick father Dr. W. M. Rodman.

Mrs. C. Harris, who has been confined to her home for two months with cancer of the foot is resting better today.

Mrs. Samuel Huffman and niece, Miss Rose Smith went last evening to Dillsboro to Thanksgiving with their mother.

Mrs. L. P. Wilkerson, of Rushville went last evening to Medora to spend some time with her sick daughter, Mrs. N. B. Weddell.

Virgil Abel, who is taking a regular course at the Cincinnati medical college, is here to spend Thanksgiving with his parents.

Miss Christena Siener, who resides with her aunt, Mrs. Charles Murphy, is spending today to North Vernon with her father, Peter Siener and family.

Rev. J. M. Baxter, his wife and son, Warren went today to Shoals to spend Thanksgiving with her father, Rev. J. W. Catterson and family. They will be home tomorrow.

Master Broadus Smith, of Greensburg, came over this morning to spend Thanksgiving with his father, Rev. W. W. Smith, who is assisting in the meetings at the Baptist church.

Mrs. Nancy Lock, of Maryville, Mo., came here last evening to visit her brother, J. B. Able, whom she hasn't seen in over 20 years before. She will visit many other relatives here.

DR. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP WILL cure croup, and whooping cough. No danger to the child when this wonderful medicine is used in time. Others, always keep a bottle on hand.

Have your eyes fitted with glasses by J. G. Laupus. 19c

Awarded Highest honors—World's Fair, Gold Medal, Midwinter Fair.

DR. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER

A Pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder. 40 YEARS THE STANDARD.

Philadelphia Cooking School

and Cookery Editor of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, writes: "I am convinced Cleveland's is the purest baking powder made, and I have adopted it exclusively in my cooking schools and for daily household use."

Cleveland's Baking Powder

Mrs. Sarah T. Rorer, Principal

A Pleasing Performance.

The entertainment given at the Opera House last night by the city schools was in every way creditable and highly entertaining to the large audience present. The representations were such as to bring vividly to mind some of the most important features connected with the growth and development of our country, making it a profitable entertainment. The children who took part showed careful and thorough training.

Off on His Geography.

A certain conscientious man observed that he did not believe that the United States had any right to take the Philippines because he had carefully read Paul's epistle to them and he could find no authority therein for such a proceeding. The brother was all right on the epistle but a little off on his geography.—Columbus Republican.

D. J. Mackay Again.

A few years ago D. J. Mackay was one of the most prominent railroad promoters in the country. But fortune turned against him and all his wealth was gone. For the past year he has had employment with a factory at Anderson. It is now announced that he will soon be in the railroad business again. He has succeeded in getting South American and Mexican capitalists interested in his scheme to construct a railroad from the great lakes to Chili passing down through the isthmus.

RAILROAD RUMORINGS

Engineer John Lehan went last evening to Cincinnati to relieve engineer Peter Reagen who is very sick.

Conductor L. M. Peak of the San Antonio Line came here last evening to spend Thanksgiving with friends.

Preaching services at the Baptist church this evening at 7.30. Do not fail to attend.

Discovered by a Woman.

Another great discovery has been made, and that too, by a lady in this country. "Disease fastened clutches upon her and for seven years she withstood its severest tests, but her vital organs were undermined and death seemed imminent. For three months she coughed incessantly and could not sleep. She finally discovered a way to recovery by purchasing of us a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption and was so much relieved on taking first dose that she slept all night; and with two bottles, has been absolutely cured. Her name is Mrs. Luther Lutz. Thus writes W. C. Hamnick & Co., of Shelby N. C. Trial bottle at W. F. Peters Drug Store. Regular size 50c and \$1.00. Every bottle bottle guaranteed.

DR. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP SHOULD be kept in every household. It is the best remedy for cough or cold, and is especially recommended for that gripe cough. Price 25c.

One and One-Third Thanksgiving Rates.

Via B. & O. S. W. R'y. one and one-third fare for the round trip within a radius of 150 miles from selling point tickets will be sold on November 24 h good returning to and including November 25th, 1898. J. P. Hoxan, Ticket Agent.

Notice.

On Thursday, Thanksgiving day, my oil wagon will not be out. Patrons please take no ice. 3c

B. H. FETIG

Hear little Lores Grimm, aged 5 years recite "The Wreck of the Battleship" at the Opera House tonight.

The best place to get your watches, clocks and jewelry is at Laupus'. 19c

Look at these Prices:

Misses Wool Hose	-	-	15c a pair
Misses Fleece Hose	10c, 15c and 25c a pair		
Infants Wool Hose in Tan, Pink, Blue and black at	-	-	25c a pair
Misses Union Suits at	-	-	25c

L. F. MILLER & CO.

Talk It Over



With your friends—ask them if the well dressed man isn't always accorded the best treatment—ask them if they don't think it pays in the long run to get good clothing. By "good" clothing we mean clothing which is made to order for gentlemen—goods which are durable—workmanship which is perfect, style irreproachable—prices reasonable.

Riehm, The Tailor

A Thanksgiving Entertainment.

Or dinner you will probably be called upon to attend, and of course you want your linen finished and laundered in the best possible manner. There is no other laundry in Seymour that can put the superb finish and exquisite color on your linen as the Seymour Steam Laundry. Any shirt, collar or cuff laundered at this establishment will do you proud and give perfect satisfaction.

Seymour Steam Laundry

TIPTON STREET, TELEPHONE 23

ESTABLISHED 1860.

Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry,

My Stock for the Fall Season is the most complete and comprises a choice assortment of

UP-TO-DATE GOODS.

The good people of Seymour and the Country 'round are invited to call and inspect the fine display. Rare Bargains to Early Buyers. All Goods Engraved Free.

S. V. HARDING,

The Leading Jeweler and Optician.

110 W. SECOND ST. SEYMOUR, IND

THE TRAVIS CARTER CO.

Contractors and Builders.

MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN

Lumber, Sash, Doors, Blinds

AND OTHER BUILDING MATERIAL.

Specifications and Plans Furnished. Ewing Street, between Third and Fourth

HERE IS YOUR CHANCE LADIES

The very latest styles in ladies Mackintoshes and all kinds of house-hold furnishings, carpets, draperies and lace goods, can be had on very easy weekly payments at A. J. Conry's, 113 East Second street.

WILLIAM ANDERSON, Manager.

FALL AND WINTER SHOES!

A FALL AND WINTER STOCK OF BOOTS and SHOES That have have heretofore proven the best and also the highest grade of rubber goods at

Bottom - Prices Can be had of

W. F. Pfaffenberger.

Seymour, Ind.

Your Daily Needs.

May include something in a drug store. A cough syrup, a headache cure, a blood purifier, a liver remedy, a plaster, a box of pills or any one of the other numerous

Blue Ribbon Remedies

At Cox's Pharmacy. You might, perchance, need some perfume, soap, and other articles of the toilet, you will find the very best at Cox's Pharmacy. The newest perfumes are "Cuban Lilies" and "Stolen Sweets."

Cox's Pharmacy is especially equipped for prescription work of every kind. Ring bell at door for night clerk.

Phone 100.—Night bell at door.

Cox's Pharmacy,

Chestnut St. near P. O., Seymour, Ind.

When You Want COAL!

See Dick Shields at Cole's Cigar Store.

ACTIVE SOLICITORS WANTED EVERYWHERE for "The Story of the Philippines" by Mura Halstead, commissioned by the Government as Official Historian to the War Department. The book was written in army camps at San Francisco, on the Pacific with General Morritt, in the hospitals at Honolulu in Hong Kong, in the American trenches at Manila, in the insurgent camps with Aguinaldo, on the deck of the Olympia with Dewey and in the roar of battle at the fall of Manila. Bonanza for agents. Brimful of original pictures taken by government photographers on the spot. Large book. Low prices. Big profits. Freight paid. Credit given. Drop all trashy unofficial war books. Outfit free. Address, F. T. Barber, Sec'y, 236 Dearborn st., Chicago. (ct2)430c

The Cincinnati Weekly Commercial Gazette.

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Arrive.	East Bound.	Depart
No. 6	4:32 a.m. daily Pittsburg & Col. Ex.	4:36 a.m.
4	9:07 a.m. " N.Y. Flyer	9:11 a.m.
3	3:50 p.m. " " fast mail	3:54 p.m.
3	3:50 p.m. " except Sunday, Cincinnati Acc. Ex.	3:54 p.m.
30	Local " except Sunday	6:00 a.m.
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	All trains connect at North Vernon with to and from Louisville, Jeffersonville and New Albany.	
	J. P. HONAN, Agent.	

S. I. RY. TIME CARD

WEST BOUND. (Week days.)
No. 1. Mail and Express.....8:25 a. m.
No. 2. Washington Accom.....5:40 p. m.
No. 9. Local Freight.....8:30 a. m.
(Sunday's.)
No. 5. Indian Springs Special 9:00 a. m.
No. 7. " " " 3:20 p. m.

EAST BOUND. (Week days.)
No. 2. Mail and Express.....3:17 p. m.
No. 4. Washington Accom.....9:40 a. m.
No. 10. Local Freight Ar.....1:45 p. m.
LV.....2:40 p. m.
(Sunday's.)
No. 6. Indian Springs Special 5:25 p. m.
No. 8. " " " 10:59 a. m.

No. 1 connects at Seymour with P., C. & St. L. north and south. Bedford, Monon north. Elora, E. & I. north and south.

No. 2 connects E. & I. at Elora north and south. P., C. & St. L. Seymour north and south. P., C. & St. L. at Elora north and south. C. & St. L. at Greensburg north and south.

No. 4 connects with P., C. & St. L. north and south at Seymour.

For tickets or further information apply to

J. M. CLARK, Agent.
H. H. ROSEMAN, G. P. A.,
Bedford, Ind.

P., C. & St. L. Schedule of Passenger Trains.

Under the schedule taking effect Sunday, June 26, passenger trains will leave this station as follows, viz:

NORTH.
No. 19—Daily Mail and Express
Chicago.....9:42 a. m.
No. 31—Daily except Sunday,
Indianapolis Acc.....3:35 p. m.
No. 5—Daily Pgh Flyer.....5:24 p. m.
No. 3—Daily Mail and Express
Chicago.....9:52 p. m.

SOUTH.
No. 10—Daily Louisville Mail and Express.....5:15 a. m.
No. 2—Daily Louisville Acc.....10:16 a. m.
No. 15—Daily Louisville Fast Mail.....5:41 p. m.
—Daily except Sunday, 9:03 p. m.
O. B. SAPPINGTON, Agent.

Have You a Son, Brother, Husband or Lover in the Army or Navy? Mail him today a 25c. package of Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. All who march, walk or stand need it. It cures aching, tired, sore, swollen, sweating feet, and makes hot, tight or new shoes. Feet can't blister, get sore or callous where Allen's Foot-Ease is used. 10,000 testimonials. All druggist and shoe stores sell, 25c. Sample sent Free. Address: Allen S. Olmsted Le Roy, N. Y.

From New Zealand.

REEFTON, New Zealand, Nov. 23, '96
I am very pleased to state that since I took the agency of Chamberlain's medicine the sale has been very large, more especially of the Cough Remedy. In two years I have sold more of this particular remedy than all others makes for the previous five years. As to its efficacy, I have been informed by scores of persons of the good results they have received from it, and know its value from the use of it in my own household. It is so pleasant to take that we have to place the bottle beyond the reach of the children.

E. J. SCANTLEBURY.

For sale by C. W. Milhous.

Sure Sign of Croup.

Hoarseness in a child that is subject to croup is a sure indication of the approach of the disease. If Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is given as soon as the child becomes hoarse, or even after the croupy cough has appeared, it will prevent the attack. Many mothers who have croupy children always keep this remedy on hand and find that it saves them much trouble and worry. It can always be depended upon and is pleasant to take. For sale by C. W. Milhous.

What do the Children Drink.

Don't give them tea or coffee. Have you tried the new food drink called GRAIN-O? It is delicious and nourishing and takes the place of coffee. The more you give the children the more health you distribute through their systems. Grain-O is made of pure grains and when properly prepared tastes like the choice grades of coffee but costs about 1/4 as much. All grocers sell it, 15c and 25c.

The Best Plaster.

A piece of flannel dampened with Chamberlain's Pain Balm and bound on to the affected parts is superior to any plaster. When troubled with a pain in the chest or side, or a lame back, give it a trial. You are certain to be more than pleased with the prompt relief which it affords. Pain Balm is also a certain cure for rheumatism. For sale by C. W. Milhous.

In 1887 Mr. Thomas McIntosh of Allentown, Tenn., had an attack of dysentery which became chronic. "I was treated by the best physicians in East Tennessee without a cure," he says. "Finally tried Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. After using about twelve bottles I was cured sound and well." For sale by C. W. Milhous.

Ladies Can Wear Shoes

One size smaller after using Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder to be shaken into the shoes. It makes tight or new shoes feel easy; gives instant relief to corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort vents swollen feet, blisters, callous and sore spots. Allen's Foot-Ease is a certain cure for sweating, hot, aching, nervous feet. At all druggists and shoe stores, 25c. Trial package Free. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Helpful Tips to the Westward. Write an agent at the Northwest, West or Southwest may arrange for an enjoyable journey at low fare by communicating with W. W. Richardson, district passenger agent of the Pennsylvania Lines, Indianapolis. He represents the short lines to Chicago, St. Louis, Louisville and Cincinnati, the gateways to the Northwest, West and Southwest. Tell Mr. Richardson where you wish to go and he will cheerfully furnish full information about special low rates and quick through time.

On Thursday Nov. 21, Southern Indiana railway will sell excursion tickets to all points within 150 miles, at rate of one and one-third fares for the round trip. Tickets good returning up to and including Nov. 25.

H. H. ROSEMAN, G. P. & T. A., Bedford, Indiana.

WEST & TRUX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. WALKING, KINAN & MATVIN Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio, Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surface of the system. Sold by all druggists, 75c. Trial package free. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

THE DREADED CONSUMPTION

F. A. Slocum, M. C., the Great Chemist and Scientist Will send Free, to the Afflicted, Three Bottles of His Newly Discovered Remedy to Cure Consumption and All Lung Troubles.

Nothing could be fairer, more philanthropic or carry more joy to the afflicted, than the offer of T. A. Slocum, M. C., 183 Pearl St., New York City.

Confident that he has discovered a sure cure for consumption and all pulmonary complaints, and to make its great merits known, he will send, free, three bottles of medicine, to any reader of the SEYMOUR REPUBLICAN who is suffering from chest, bronchial, throat and lung troubles or consumption.

Already this "new scientific course of medicine" has permanently cured thousands of apparently hopeless cases.

The Doctor considers it his religious duty—a duty which he owes to humanity—to donate his infallible cure.

Offered freely, is enough to commend it, and more so is the perfect confidence of the great chemist making the proposition.

He has proved the dreaded consumption to be a curable disease beyond any doubt.

There will be no mistake in sending—the mistake will be in overlooking the generous invitation. He has on file in his American and European laboratories testimonials of experience from those cured, in all parts of the world.

Don't delay until it is too late. Address T. A. Slocum, M. C., 183 Pearl Street, New York, and when writing the Doctor, please give express and post-office address, and mention reading this article in the SEYMOUR REPUBLICAN.

TURGENEFF ABHORS SPORT

How a Dying Pheasant Influenced His Whole Career.

The celebrated Russian novelist, Turgeneff, tells a most touching incident from his own life, which awakened in him sentiments that have colored all his writings with a deep and tender feeling.

When Turgeneff was a boy of 10, his father took him out one day bird shooting. As they tramped across the brown stubble a golden pheasant rose with a low whirr from the ground at his feet, and with the joy of a sportsman throbbed his veins he raised his gun and fired, wild with excitement, when the creature fell fluttering at his side. Life was ebbing fast, but the instinct of the mother was stronger than death itself, and with a feeble flutter of her wings the mother bird reached the nest where her young brood were huddled, unconscious of danger. Then, with such a look of pleading and reproach that his heart stood still at the ruin he had wrought, and never to his dying day did he forget the feeling of cruelty and guilt that came to him in that moment, the little brown head toppled over, and only the dead body of the mother shielded her nestlings.

"Father, father," he cried, "what have I done?" as he turned his horror-stricken face to his father. But not to his father's eye had this little tragedy been enacted, and he said: "Well done, my son. That was well done for your first shot. You will soon be a fine sportsman."

"Never, father, never again shall I destroy any living creature. If that is sport, I will have none of it. Life is more beautiful to me than death, and since I cannot give life I will not take it."—Atlanta Constitution.

A Negro Turning White.

A curiosity rarely witnessed in this country was seen at the office of the pension examiners in this city today. It was a negro man turning white. The man's name is Sam Smith. He is 67 years old and came here today from Georgetown to stand an examination for a pension, he having served in the Union army. More than three-fourths of the man's entire body is white, the skin fairer by far than that of the ordinary white man. The dark skin remaining on the body is only in small spots. Smith says that his skin began turning white in 1867, and the dark skin has been disappearing from the body ever since. The physicians who examined him today think that should the old man live a few years longer he will be entirely white save perhaps the face. A peculiar feature of the case is that the face has not been turning white along with the rest of the body, the white only showing at a few places beneath the hair on the forehead, and not on the face at all.—Lexington (Ky.) Letter in Cincinnati Enquirer.

To Examine the Eye.

If anything gets into your eye, don't rub it. Good advice, but a little difficult to follow, for one instinctively rubs the eye under these circumstances. Nevertheless, don't do so. Get someone to turn the upper eyelid gently over a thin penholder, so that he may see the ball of the eye thoroughly. If lime gets into the eye and if you see the substance at once, wash out the eye with vinegar to two parts of water. If, however, you don't see the particle immediately, simply put sweet oil or olive oil into the eye and send for the doctor.—New York Ledger.

Dead and Dying.

"I noticed that Miss Sore's curls are of two colors—brown and gray." "You remember that her father is a safe manufacturer?" "What has that to do with it?" "Her curls are combination locks."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

How This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

We the undersigned have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transaction and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

WEST & TRUX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. WALKING, KINAN & MATVIN Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio, Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surface of the system. Sold by all druggists, 75c. Trial package free. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Pleurisy

Pleurisy and pneumonia are frequently developed, in a very short space of time, from a common cold; and if such an acute inflammation of the lungs is not promptly allayed, the worst may happen. With the aid of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, however, you need not have any fear; for this great remedy speedily subdues the inflammation, eases the pain in breathing and always effects a cure in a wonderfully short time.

Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup

Cures Pleurisy and Pneumonia. Doeses are small and pleasant to take. Doctors recommend it. Price 25 cts. At all druggists.

LOVED LIFE TOO WELL.

Ancient Natchez Indian Who Rebelled Against Being Sacrificed.

One of the repulsive features of the laws under which the Natchez Indians were governed was that when a member of the royal family of the nation died it was necessary that several others of the people should accompany him to the tomb by suffering death at the hands of executioners. When the "great sun," the hereditary chief of the whole nation, died, all his wives, in case he were provided with more than one, and also several of his subjects, were obliged to follow him into the vale of shadows. The "little suns," secondary chiefs, and also members of the royal family, likewise claimed, when dying, their tribute of death from the living. In addition to this, the inexorable law also condemned to death any man of the Natchez race who had married a girl of the royal line of the "suns." On the occasion of her death he was called upon to accompany her.

"I will narrate to you upon this subject," writes an old French chronicler of Louisiana, "the story of an Indian who was not in a humor to submit to this law. His name was Ettenetah. He had contracted an alliance with the 'suns.' The honor came near having a fatal result for him. His wife fell sick, and as soon as he perceived that she was approaching her end he took to flight, embarking in a pirogue on the Mississippi, and sought a refuge in New Orleans. He placed himself under the protection of the governor, who was at that time M. de Bienville, offering himself to be the governor's hunter. The governor accepted his services, and interested himself in his behalf with the Natchez, who declared, in answer, that he had nothing to fear, inasmuch as the ceremony was over, and as he had not been present when it took place he was no longer available as a candidate for execution."—New Orleans Picayune.

Flower Painters.

About the last literary work completed by the late Cora Stuart Wheeler was a beautiful tribute to "Some Court Painters to Queen Rose" published in The Woman's Home Companion, in which she says:

"As a rule, women make the best flower painters. The men who excel in this branch of art are comparatively few, even when we consider the small number of artists of both sexes who have acquired reputation in the picturing of flowers. The reason is not difficult to see. The average woman has a fondness for flowers which brings her into the closest sympathy with them and enables her to appreciate and understand them as men seldom do. In the interpretation of certain subtle phases of floral life her sensitive temperament and the peculiarly sympathetic feeling that she is apt to bring to her labor of love especially qualify her for engaging in this department of picture making. In point of technical ability some marvelously clever work has been done by artists of the gentler sex in the reproduction of flowers and in the treatment of difficult subjects."

HAVE YOU GOT TROUBLE OF YOUR OWN?

If Not, Listen to Others' Troubles. If You Have, See if Your Trouble Is One of Other People's Troubles.

There are some kinds of trouble that are unavoidable. Then again there is trouble that is easily avoided if you know how to do it. Here is a true statement of Mrs. M. Langton of 321 Hanna St., Leansport, Ind., telling of her trouble and how she got entirely over it. She says: "I am well aware every one has trouble without listening to mine, but I hope by telling mine I shall instruct others how to avoid theirs."

Forten years at least I have had more trouble with my kidneys, and back than can well be expressed on paper. It began with "Kidney Backache." I paid little attention to it at first but I see now where I made the mistake. The trouble increased and urinary disturbances followed. The urine was excessive in quantity, highly colored, of a strong odor and contained so much uric acid as to cause a burning sensation. In its passage, then I had sharp shooting pains and swelling of the limbs which became very painful. For the past five or six years several doctors have treated me for my trouble without arresting the progress of the disease. They knew what the trouble was and pronounced it kidney complaint. One doctor said he could do nothing for me and advised me to make my "will." When I arrived at this stage I became anxious to try and do something. Some time ago I read about and tried Morrow's Kidney-cure. The recommendations were so high that I procured and used them strictly according to directions. After the first box was used I grew less nervous, and I rested well at night, which is something that I had not experienced for months. I am now on the third box, and the help has been so great that I am glad to continue using them, believing that I have found a genuine cure. With all indications I shall soon be well. I desire all my friends to write to me and learn more about the wonderful remedy, Morrow's Kidney-cure.

This statement is convincing enough for the worst skeptic in Seymour. Write to Mrs. Langton and see for yourself. Kidney-cure is yellow tablets (not pills) and are sold by all first class druggists and at Alpha Cox's Drug Store at 30 cents a box. Accept no remedy "just as good" for there is none. Manufactured by John Morrow & Co., Chemists, Springfield, Ohio.

THE OLD HYMN.

Sat within a vacant room,
A low coiled room, quaint shaped, oak beamed,
With windows looking out to sea,
O'er which the surge's glory streamed.
I watched the faroff fishing sails,
And "Halfway rock," that looming rose
A tower from the heaving sea
Whereon the scattered isles repose.

And some one near me gently played
A dear old hymn that stirred my heart,
Twas "Children of the Heavenly King."
And what it woke made quick tears start.
The long years seemed to backward turn,
And I a little child again,
Held fast within his strong arms' clasp,
While soft he crooned the old refrain.

Oh, just once more to be that child
And know again the blissful rest
The old hymn brought me, rocked to sleep
With pillowd head upon his breast!
But only yet a little while,
Though earth may call it years that creep,
I know he'll come to me again
And rock me to eternal sleep.
—Mary Devereux in Boston Transcript

IT CURED THE COOK.

The Result of Her Master's Wrestling Match With the Telephone.

"About a week after the telephone was installed—any electrical device is always 'installed' when it is brought into the house—the cook was suddenly taken ill in the middle of the night, and I was requested to telephone for the doctor. It took me fully ten minutes of prolonged ringing and yelling before I could induce the central office to put me into communication with the doctor. Then I sent an agonized howl through the telephone, begging the doctor to come at once.

"In the course of the following hour six different persons carried on brief conversations with me, but no one of them was the doctor. In the case of each person it took about ten minutes of hard labor to induce him to say anything intelligible, and when the intelligible remark arrived it was to the effect that the speaker was Brown or Jones or Robinson; that he was not a doctor, and that he would inflict personal chastisement on the man who had called him out of bed if he could find the criminal in the morning.

"At last, however, my efforts were apparently crowned with success. A wretch who said he was the person of whom I was in search promised to call at my house at once. Accordingly one hour and a quarter after I had first rung the telephone I received a hurried call from the local undertaker, who insisted that I had telephoned to him to bring a coffin without a moment's delay. I got rid of him at the expense of 5 shillings and a glass of wine, and I am happy to say that the shock of the visit cured the cook without the aid of any other medicine."—W. A. Alden in Pearson's Magazine.

Cyclists as Sportsmen.

The wheelman himself can hardly be held answerable for the death of a rabbit which bolted into his machine as it stood by the roadside and broke its neck, and there was contributory negligence, as the lawyers say, on the part of the cat which tried to go through the wheel of a passing bicycle and gave the rider a bad fall at the cost of its own life. Much more noteworthy than either of these was the achievement of a cyclist who while scorching along the road (he must have been scorching) ran into a covey of partridges and killed one, his wheel passing over its neck. The only way in which this curious accident can be explained is to suppose that the birds were "dusting" at a bend in the road, and that the cyclist's approach, concealed by the hedges, remained undetected till the covey was literally among them.—Chambers' Journal.

Disputed.

Old Lady (to driver of growler)—Now, driver, I want you to go very carefully.

"Certainly, mum."
"And not go racing with other cats."
"No, mum."
"And not go round the corners quickly."
"No, mum."

After the job the old lady, handing him the exact fare, a shilling, said: "You have driven me very carefully and well, and here is a shilling for you. Have you driven a cab all your life?"

"No, mum. I used to drive a hearse, and best if I don't go back to it. It's a better game than this. I hope I'll drive yer again, mum."—London Fun.

Poker Diet.

Daniel O'Connell's sarcastic and graphic description of a lady of stiff, cold and formal manners is very happy. "She has all the characteristics of a poker—except its occasional warmth."

This recalls the story of the two Irish servants who, discussing the stiff and unbending manners of the young lady of the family, agreed that "when she was a baby her mother must have fed her upon boiled pokers, underdone!"—London Standard.

Inside Information.

Yeast—This discussion about the size of a whale's throat, I notice, is still going on.
Crimsonbeak—Yes. It's too bad John didn't leave some report on the subject. He must have had some inside information.—Yonkers Statesman.

As the Honey-moon Winkles.

She—I really ought to have a new hat.

He—How would it do to stick a few feathers in the top crust of one of those pies you baked last week? You would have something that would last then.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The London Standard says the Scottish race is the most clannish, the most ubiquitous, the most pertinacious and the most instinctively coherent in the world.

It is reported that 400,000 canaries change hands every year in the United Kingdom alone, the value of them being about £100,000.

Long Irritation

Is the forerunner to consumption. Bell's Pine-Tar-Honey will cure it and give such strength to the lungs that a cough or a cold will not settle there. Twenty-five cents at all good druggists.

THE AMERICAN MONTHLY REVIEW OF REVIEWS

It is impossible to promise particular features that will appear in the "AMERICAN MONTHLY" during the coming year, for it is, as the Bookman says, "a great monthly newspaper." As such, it prints for its readers an illustrated account of the notable things which make the history of the month, of the political, the economic, and literary happenings which are of value to intelligent men and women. The Editor's "Progress of the World" tells succinctly an illustrated story of the month. The "Leading Articles"

give the best thought and information of the current magazines in five continents; the contributed articles furnish the character sketches of the man of the month, and give timely discussions by authorities on any question of immediate serious import.

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